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LIGHT THE TUNNEL.
The terrible accident in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, in which six lives were lost, was but a repetition of another disaster which occurred nine years ago within the same tunnel and within a block of the same spot. On September 20, 1882, an inbound Harlem train crashed into the rear of the Portchester special. Three cars were telescoped and loss of life resulted. The same outburst of indignation happened then as now, and the Grand Jury took up the matter.

Among other things it recommended that the tunnel be lighted by electric lights and equipped with some method of ventilation. None of the recommendations were carried out.

It is claimed now that if the tunnel is lighted the present light signals can not be seen by the engineers from their cabs.

But the signals were not seen on Friday when six lives were lost in the unlighted tunnel.

It is also claimed that on misty days the smoke never clears out of the tunnel. This is because no ventilating system is in use.

It is absolutely apparent that there is less danger where the engineers can see where they are going than when they are dashing ahead blindly, no matter what experts may say, and if the present signal system will not do with a lighted tunnel, get some other system. On foggy days crowd the tunnel with flagsmen if necessary and have signals at either end notifying the engineers what is before them and what is expected to follow.

Much attention is paid to tunnel lighting in London; and what are our fog to those there?

It will cost some money to light and ventilate the tunnel. But human life is more important than dollars, although railroad companies do not always so consider.

Light and ventilate the tunnel.

HORRIBLE CRIMINALITY.
One of the most awful crimes which depraved human beings can conceive is to set fire through a spirit of revenge, to a building with families. This terrible crime is believed to have been committed at the tenement-house fire in Brooklyn on Saturday, in which six persons lost their lives.

Fire Marshal Lewis and the police have good grounds for believing that it was the work of an incendiary. Suspicion has even attached itself to a person as the criminal, and hopes are entertained of the speedy apprehension of the wretch.

If this belief is a correct one no pains should be spared to get the guilty man and make an example of him. Even if the only thing aimed at by the attempt was the destruction of property, this should not excuse the offense. In point of fact, six persons were destroyed by an inexpressible painful death. Any one who would apply the torch of an incendiary to a large double tenement-house of very combustible material would not help knowing that he was imperiling human life, and should be held strictly to account for the crime.

Arson is a hideous crime. It should have no place in civilized communities. Even a savage ought to have enough humanity in him to shrink from such appalling wickedness. Every effort should be made to detect the culprit, if it was incendiary work.

A MOURNFUL SPECTACLE.
Without entering into any question as to the credibility or beauty of the doctrines of Spiritualism, the spectacle of a man, reputedly of brilliant mental force, trailing into it in the wake of a woman like Mrs. Dine Debar, and exploiting with portentous glib features of it which the most liberal minded must regard as puerile and undignified, is a deplorable one.

Mrs. LUTHER H. MARSH has the most undoubted belief in Spiritualism and all its trick features. He has the courage of his convictions. Instead of quietly nursing his Spiritualistic tenets in the seclusion of his home, Mr. MARSH, at the behest, he declares, of his father's spirit, has taken to the lecture platform and devotes himself, body and soul, to the propagation of "Christian Spiritualism."

It is a privilege of the free-born American to adopt whatever faith he may please, but it remains no less a mournful spectacle to friends and sympathizers that Mr. MARSH should feel constrained to something which every sensible person must regard as unworthy a man of intelligence. It is charity to consider such conduct in the light of some strange mental aberration and to hope that Mr. MARSH may rally from it.

CINERARY JOLLYTY.
A merry taper of fair Station Island was jocular in his life, and in death his gaiety did not forsake him. He left orders that his body should be burned and his ashes scattered to the winds from the top of the Statue of Liberty, while his erstwhile boon companion should drink steins of foamy lager to his wind-blown particles.

As long as the departed taper will be safely disposed in the bay and not in the street, it may be his last wish will be respected, or at least carried out. It looks like drinking life's glass to the dregs to order such juggling with one's remains, but the Penal Code allows a person the free disposal of his dead body. In any case, peace to the taper's ashes. They will escape the ash-barrel in any case.

OUR TYPEWRITERS.

Holl Nelson Tells a Few Things About This Class of Fair Breadwinners.

Various Classes of Womankind That Attend the School of Instruction.

Some Who Succeed and Others Who Give Up in Despair.

Ten years ago women took up the study of typewriting. Now the profession belongs to the sex, and unless a man has the genius of a wizard and the speed of a steam engine he cannot get even office room for his services.

Bitter as the admission may be, it is a fact, nevertheless, that his clerical days are numbered, and it won't be a very great while before his sister has his desk and his stool.

The signs indicate that woman has her eye on mercantile life, and that she will have the field to herself in less time than it took her to drive the men from the counter.

"And what will the robin do then, poor thing?"

There is scarcely a business firm of any importance in the city of New York, excepting, perhaps, banking houses, that does not employ a lady clerk, as she designates herself.

Strong as she is numerically, her ranks haven't begun to fill up yet. Recruits are coming in from all directions, and before he knows what he is about the business man, the broker and the professional will be overwhelmed by a stupendous army of shorthand and typewriters in shoulder capes and trailing dresses.

The agencies that furnish this fresh, sweet material are interesting, not only as places of instruction but amusement as well.

Take almost any school for typewriting in the city and you will find that fully 90 per cent. of the pupils are women. A few of them come from the suburban towns. The rest are local. All, however, are students.

There are young widows, any number of them, who are invariably the best scholars in the schools. There is no nonsense about them. They work for a purpose and with a will. Some have mothers and little children to support; some are homeless and some have hopes of meeting another breadwinner and home maker. All wear black and in the mournful ranks there are long crapes, veils, widows' caps and snowy linen cuffs and collars.

The influence of this stuffy, depressing garb is most remarkable.

It gets for the wearer, if she is but passing fair, the indulgence of the teacher and the utmost consideration from the classmates, especially among the male members.

Then, too, it gets her work. Men are kind at heart, and the knowledge that the applicant cherishes a grief, under which perhaps is a breaking heart, makes them doubly kind.

There may be no opening at the time, but there is generally an invitation to come in again that gives hope a pair of stilts; there is often a letter of introduction or a suggestion to visit another firm, and always the most beautiful respect that courtesy coupled with sympathy can render.

Occasionally a woman with her history in the past will enter the class and apply herself to the intricacies of the science of stenography with what vim and eyesight time has left her. Few spectacles are more pathetic to contemplate than the mental efforts of a dependent and aged woman. Somehow the mind associates her with the sheltering warmth and love of a chimney corner and prattling grandchildren.

These poor old creatures with their dim eyes and withered hands struggle along, first with the copy and then the keyboard, and after a few lessons give up and go off—nobody knows where.

Then there is in nearly every school "the woman in trouble." She is Mrs. B., Widow B., Mrs. B., Lady B. or whatever else the class dubs her. Invariably she is "detached."

If divorced, then she works with the fire of the free. She means to get even with the sex or somebody. She is "determined to master the thing," and down deep in her pneumatic heart she has vowed to make no mistakes next time.

If she is only separated, then she works the machine for distraction.

Drop a bit of the oil of sympathy into her heart, by way of getting at her confidence, and she will sigh, squeeze her eye for a tear or two and say, "Oh, I must not think."

A pupil of this sort cannot be depended upon as a rule. Her heart is never in her work and she, generally drops out of the class before the term is half finished.

Let me tell you a secret?

Wives—especially young wives—are jealous of the typewriters.

This has always been hinted at, but never verified till lately.

For a long time the "star scholar" of an uptown business college has been the wife of a successful business man.

She goes to school in her own private coupe, with two men on the box and a grunting team in harness. She has diamonds in her ears, under her chin and on her hands; her wrap was cut from "selected skins"; her dresses were tailor-made and well made, and the securities in her silver-tipped pocketbook were thought to be very fair.

To do her justice, this ambitious if amusing vulgarian studies. She prepares her lessons with care and bought a machine for home practice.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Latest in Demi-Dress Boots—Bernhardt's Description of a New Play—Lenten Iron Crosses—Mrs. Huntington's Bath—The Laws of Health.

The newest demi-dress boot seen on the promenade when the walks are dry and the day is clear is a kind of soapstone color, tipped and striped with patent leather.

Another character is the maiden lady who has to have a hawcock for her feet and "don't quite understand" anything.

She, poor thing, has been a modiste—one of the designing craft who lure customers by means of a show-case dummy, superbly fitted, both body and bodice being the work of the same concern.

She has a pain in her back and another between her eyes; she is poor and alone; she feels relentless age creeping over her; she knows that typewriting can't be any harder than dreammaking, and if she can only get the hang of it and \$10 a week she will be so very happy.

Every encouragement meets her effort, but there are many things to be learned, and even if mastered there is the obstacle of age, with its density and deliberation, not to be conquered by art or science.

Her spirits are leaden, and after the course of sixty lessons, she too, drifts away into the great sea of mediocrity.

Next morning the noble army of little winners martyred by the cruelty of fate and the heartlessness of corporations. They come from dreammaking shops, business offices, retail stores and manufacturers. They are discontented and many of them unhappy.

They see in this profession less labor, lighter work, better pay and better prospects. And so without rest or dinner they go from their day's work to the school of instruction, and in the interim prepare the transcription assigned for the lesson.

There are no diodes about these little women. It is immaterial to them whether there are cushions on the chairs, hassocks under the desks or strips of carpet on them. They have no linen cuffs to soil, no fads to air.

With love and the luxury of plenty these small women could be so much to a household. And it is all very and when you come to think of it that there are not fathers, brothers or husbands enough in the world to place them and keep them where they belong—on the altar of home.

THE CLEANER.
It is a remarkable coincidence that Financier O. D. Baldwin should have been twice brought to court on charges made as a result of a charge clerk. It was due to the misadventures thrown out by a young man who had received a summary winking ticket from Mr. Baldwin that an investigation of his management as cashier of the Fourth National Bank followed, and his resignation was required. Now, it is known, Clerk Rich knew too much that he has been brought to grief in the American Loan and Trust Company.

Bill Nye's lecture for the benefit of the Press Club last night was interesting from beginning to end. Incidentally, Nye always is interesting. Amos Cummings will help swell the building fund next week, and after him Col. Bob Ingersoll will take his turn.

While passing the Grand Central Depot last night I was accosted by a well-dressed, frank-looking young man who asked me to oblige him with 10 cents to make up the price of a ticket to Bobbs' Ferry. In a few rapid sentences he informed me that he had been standing there for some time, trying to muster up courage to ask a passer-by for the needed sum. He wore a handsome overcoat, waist chain and scarf pin, and looked so embarrassed by his position that I handed him 15 cents, whereupon he tendered a coin of equal value and professed thanks, made a bee-line for the depot, and I was a witness of the novelty of the dodge was well worth the price of experience.

The Fellowcraft's monthly dinner table place-to-night in its pretty clubhouse, 19 East Twenty-ninth street. This promises to be one of the most delightful affairs that the Fellowship has yet given, and the list of those to be present indicates a most enjoyable evening and entertaining speeches. The little deflection of a few were very entertaining and over and the club never was in a more harmonious or flourishing condition.

During a drying trip to Boston last week I encountered a woman of extraordinary and political power, formerly of this city, who recently has the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye. The patient covering the missing organ reminded me of a funny incident in which his owner figured. Shortly after the accident which cost him his eye, he was riding on a crowded car, when a porter, who had recently lost an arm, got on board, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Hello, Lou, what's the matter with your eye?"

"A car ran over it," was the grave reply. "What happened your arm?"

"I got a clender in it," was the equally grave answer, much to the amusement of the passengers.

Everybody is wondering why Mr. Brayton lives in disposing of his magnificent collection of books and porcelains. It cannot be because circumstances have compelled him to part with his treasures, for he is known to possess abundant wealth. An intimate friend of Mr. Brayton tells me that the only reason for the present sale is the fact that they are now so complete from a collector's point of view that it would be useless to add to them. Mr. Brayton, in the twenty years that he has been gathering these treasures, has become a victim of the collector's frenzy, and as he cannot remain idle as long as there is anything to collect he has determined to scatter his treasures and begin over again.

Uncle Russell Sage, despite his millions, receives in one of the dingiest old shabby offices to be found in the district of Columbia, known as Wall street. Everything is covered with a layer of dust to the thickness of an inch, more or less, and all the articles of furniture which it is provided are in the last stages of decrepitude. A battered cane-bottomed settee with half the seat gone is the only accommodation in the outer office provided for visitors, who have to wait their turn for an interview with the great dealer in puts and calls; and the ground-glass panels of the rickety partition are covered with pencil sketches and sketches executed by messenger boys, who haunt the place in droves every afternoon. Economy is evidently the mainstay of Uncle Russell's system.

I was pleased this morning to see several little kids on the street having the tops of their jackets decorated with George Washington's face. The recurrence of the anniversary of the natal day of the Father of our country has been looked forward to for years simply as a day of recreation. It has been given too little patriotic significance.

The regular one of MCKELLY'S TEENING CONCERT, during the week ending the 20th, 25th and 30th.

FUN IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A Few Illustrated Witticisms Culled from Various Sources.

At the Art Exhibition.
(From *Times* of 10/10/90.)

Lady—All your marine pictures represent the sea as being calm. Why don't you paint a storm on a white?

Artist—We painters can't paint a storm. I have often outlined a storm on the canvas, but as soon as I begin to spread on the oil colors, the sea becomes calm as a child's face.

—Yes, I have read about the wonderful effect oil has in calming the waves, but I had no idea it was so effective as that!

High Steaks.
(From *Life*.)

The shops are filled with antrix for girls. Some are the full regular masculine garments, open in the back and finished with tall gusset and band; others are anti-waists in checks, spots and hair-line perle, and there are the "Ladies," feminine for Dickens, which are likely to be tried by the bachelor-girls when the green leaves come again.

Miss Alcott's birthplace in Germantown stood where the post-office now stands. The house was surrounded by pine trees, and was known as "The Pinery." Here Mr. Alcott taught school, and Louisa May Alcott was born here in 1832. Mr. Alcott's ideas upon educational methods were too original and unusual to commend themselves to German-town parents and the school was so unsuccessful that Mr. Alcott abandoned it as a struggle of a year or two, and moved with his family to Boston, where the author of "Little Women" worked herself to death and grew pale and thin and died of a fever on a diet of ginger-naps, doughnuts and pie.

No girl should be without a pair of red-leather slippers and red-leak stockings. These are some of the femininities that memories are made of for little brothers.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in conversation with a well-known Italian man of letters, has given an interesting description of Giuseppe's new play, which was written expressly for her, and will be produced in French under the title of "La Dame de Chantilly." "Giuseppe's work," she says, "is a splendid drama in prose. The action passes in the reign of Francis I., and is divided into six tableaux. It is a serious play, but it is not without a very interesting plot; something like the 'Conte Rose,' but with much more movement. The getting-up is not very important, and I am not displeased at that, for the luxury of scenery now in fashion has made critics say that the artist can no longer do without painted scenery. I was much struck by the beauty of the costumes, and the beauty of the scenery. In the famous scene of the second act, on the table where the rarest fruits, the most extraordinary dishes, and the most generous viands should be thrown in profusion, what does M. Duquesnel give us? Two biscuits and a bunch of grapes! That was the kind of feast which Cleopatra, in the famous scene of the second act, on the table where the rarest fruits, the most extraordinary dishes, and the most generous viands should be thrown in profusion, what does M. Duquesnel give us? Two biscuits and a bunch of grapes! That was the kind of feast which Cleopatra, in the famous scene of the second act, on the table where the rarest fruits, the most extraordinary dishes, and the most generous viands should be thrown in profusion, what does M. Duquesnel give us? Two biscuits and a bunch of grapes! That was the kind of feast which Cleopatra, in the famous scene of the second act, on the table where the rarest fruits, the most extraordinary dishes, and the most generous viands should be thrown in profusion, what does M. Duquesnel give us? Two biscuits and a bunch of grapes! 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